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VOLUME LXVII.

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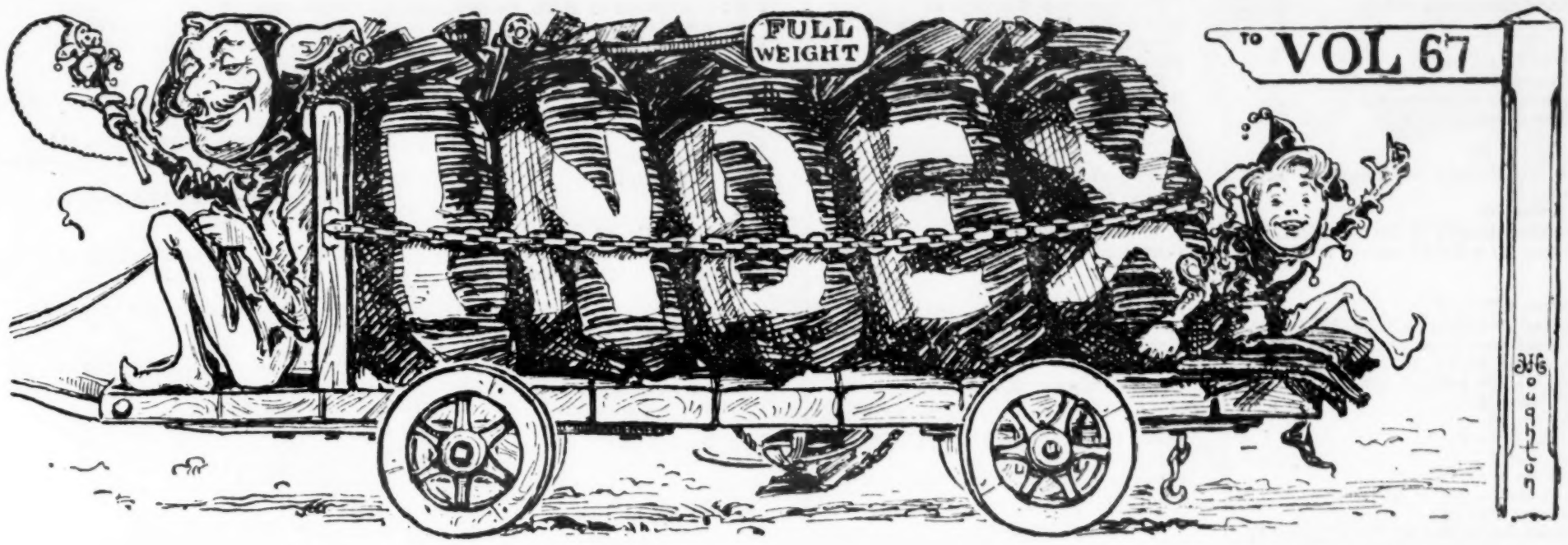
VOL. LXVII.

COPIOUS downpours of rain had blessed the land in response to the many letters to the papers upon the extraordinary dryness or aridness—which you like—of the vernal season. Easterly and northerly, polarly mostly, winds had gently restrained a too precocious vegetation. Persistent frosts, like too-attentive swains, had associated too frequently with the many beautiful sylph-like blossoms of the promising fruits of the earth. Briefly, the season was that of a midsummer-winter British summer. Many were the reasons vented. Some said the elements behaved like this as a protest against the resuscitation of the history of the Hyde Park Riots—a kind of Kipplyfied Recessional, "Lest we forget." Others alleged the weather was in sympathy with the lachrymose, depressed condition of the much-oppressed employer of labour, and sharing the alarm he was feeling at the not improbable appearance of a prolific crop of terrors which would harrow his heart on the 1st July, when the Workmen's Compensation Act would begin to afflict him with claims for broken finger-nails and upwards. Some said Lord Salisbury's Government was too cocky and wanted damping. This conjecture was flouted. Wasn't Wei-hai-wei an excellent place for football and other spherical missiles? P'r'aps it was all along of Uncle Sam a-collaring that there Cuba for his own smoking, Christianity like, as the saying is. Or was it one of Cecil Rhodes' dodges for irrigating the latent auriferous mud that clogged the wheels of the British South African motor *Wagg*-on? Nobody knew. Some suggested consulting the eminent members of the dramatic profession. But that suggestion was abandoned; the treatment was either too *Terry*-ble or utterly undes-*Irving* in Mr. Bill Burge's opinion. Mr. George Alexander was too busy with his diplomatic *rôle* of *The Ambassador*, consequent upon the ravages wrought by *The Conquerors*, to give any attention to the matter. Then, like a flash of lightning, the Premier bethought him of the Barren of Bouverie Street, as the one individual who could lighten his dilemma and the cares of office. He came, he saw, he chortled. Everything seemed easy and propitious.

Next day the weather changed. An Indian summer ejected the Klondike inclement wet, and the rose trees planted in pay-dirt bloomed bounteously. It was rumoured that the Tsar was to spend Bank Holiday with the Son of Heaven; Cuba was to be reformed; and that Cecil Rhodes would announce a dividend. Now, why was all this serenity and amicableness? Then the object of the Premier's little jaunt to FUN was divined accurately by the People, when they saw it. And that was the quarto, fresh from the Pierian Spring of his Fancy—my eye!

The Sixty-Seventh Volume of "Fun."



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"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

JANUARY.

1 S A Happy New Year to you all. FUN resolves to be brighter than ever.
2 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day. Dull as ever.
3 M Mr. Hall Caine resolves to write a sequel to "The Christian," to be called "The Serio-Comic."
4 Tu **FUNDAY.** [serious play.
5 W Mr. W. S. Gilbert resolves never to write another
6 Th The Amalgamated Society of Loafers struck for "eight hours," 1863. Still "out," 1898.
7 F The Kaiser resolves to give up "Hoch!" and to become a "temperance" orator.
8 S Sir Edwin Arnold resolves to retire and take his
9 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [(Japan) ease.
10 M The United States resolve that the Cuban disturbance shall cease, and that they will decline to Havana
11 Tu **FUNDAY.** [more of it.
12 W Earl of Crewe born, 1858. Gave his first Gladstonian "crow" same year. [harmonious.
13 Th The Concert of Europe resolves to be more
14 F The Sultan resolves to slip away from the Concert and go to a Pantomime.
15 S British Museum Opened, 1759. Deposits itself within
16 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [itself as a fossil, 1898.
17 M Miss Marie Corelli resolves to have her portrait taken.
18 Tu **FUNDAY.** [beginners.
19 W Mr. Sherman resolves to buy a book on etiquette for
20 Th The Ambassadors of the Great Powers at Constantinople first known as "The Innocents Abroad," 1897.
21 F Mr. Cecil Rhodes resolves to devote his leisure to the cultivation of orchids.
22 S New telescope erected on Tower Hill. The moon is seen to be making phases at us.
23 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
24 M Charles J. Fox born, 1749. Champion Big-Whig, 1789.
25 Tu **FUNDAY.** [and go in for banting.
26 W Sir William Harcourt resolves to give up Local Veto
27 Th Mr. Labouchere appointed jester to the High Court of Hesse Rumstart. [Cabinet.
28 F Lord Salisbury resolves to take the lead in his own
29 S Mr. Henry Arthur Jones resolves never to tell Mr. Clement Scott anything any more.
30 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [Jones again.
31 M Mr. Clement Scott resolves never to speak to Mr.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WILL WRITE TO THE PAPERS.

January.—It is assumed that you *must* of necessity write to the papers, whether you have anything to write or grumble about or not. This need not give you the least concern, since nothing is simpler than to invent or anticipate a complaint if not already to hand. For instance, there may not be a flake of snow this month, but on the first expectation of it you will rush into print with scathing strictures upon the asinine Vestries and Councils who won't do anything to clear it away when it comes. If it does come, you can bewail the idiocy of the people who *will* put salt upon it, especially if you have had to walk through it and are laid up with a bad cold.

THE (BICYCLE) BELLS.

(*Not* BY E. A. POE.)

HEAR the "bikers" with their bells,
Awful bells!
What a time of nervousness their "ting-a-ling" foretells,
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
All the daytime, all the night,
Till you feel like Mr. Winkle,
And your eyes *refuse* to twinkle
When you see some bloomer-ed fright
Racing Time—Father Time—
In a sort of Run-ic rhyme,
'Mid the tin(g) tin(g)-abulation of the scorchers and the swells,
With their belles, belles, belles,
With their bloomers, and their irritating bells!

I'D LIKE TO BE A CHRISTMAS WAIT, BUT——

I'D like to be a Christmas wait,
To tootle in the snow,
But bricks might patter on my pate,
And give me *blow for blow !*

I'd like to be a Christmas wait,
To carol loud and long,
But water me might saturate,
And rather *damp* my song !

I'd like to be a Christmas wait,
To keep up the old style,
But dogs might urge my youthful gait
To "break the record mile" !

I'd like to be a Christmas wait,
To earn a "quid" or two,
But folks might not appreciate,
And *pound* me black-and-blue !

THE ENGINE DRIVER TO A FAIR DECEIVER.

HAVE you no *spark* of pity left ?
No *tender* feeling for me now ?
My *lines* are hard, of hope bereft,
I ne'er shall *whistle* more, I trow !

I'm "shunted" for a swell all cuff—
You're a disgrace ! Yes, you can *scream*
And *start* ! Perhaps my words are rough,
But really I must "let off steam" !

You *point* out my *station's* too low,
(A *signal* failure's been my love !)
But I can *gauge* you—you're for show,
And think all others you're above !

Go, vain, false one ! My love henceforth
I'll centre on my engine true ;
She *puffs* when running to the North,
But never *powders* as *you* do !

IMPUDENCE.

Street Urchin (to Stout Gentleman).—"I BEG yer parding, Sir, but are you the gent as wos summinged for scorchin' las' week ?"

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898,

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

FEBRUARY.

1 Tu **FUNDAY.**
2 W Mr. McKinley declares silver to be as "good as go'd" [and better, 1898.
3 Th Marquis of Salisbury b., 1830. Appeared at his first Concert, Y.U.
4 F Return of Mr. Wolcott to Europe. Run on the [Bank of England.
5 S Order of St. Patrick instituted, 1783 Tammany in-
6 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day. [vented, Y.U.
7 M Universal Tri-metallism declared by Greece. All debts to be paid in Copper.
8 Tu **FUNDAY.**
9 W Turkish indemnity arrives at Constantinople in half- [pence.
10 Th Sultan decides to give indemnity to distressed Armenians in exchange for gold.
11 F Kaiser arrives at Constantinople to discuss Greek Finance with Sultan.
12 S Arrival of Mr. Wolcott at Pekin. Tries to bribe Man- [darins with copper money.
13 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
14 M Mysterious disappearance of Mr. Wolcott. Believed to have been destroyed by infuriated Mandarins.
15 Tu **FUNDAY.**
16 W Venezuela suggests a papier maché currency.
17 Th Conference of South American Republics on the value of money.
18 F South American Republics declare against the Silverites, and decide "to run a moist-pen slick through everything, and start afresh."
19 S Adam P. Smith, of Nebraska, U.S.A., edits "Wealth of Nations."
20 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
21 M Bank of England decides to pay in gold, and gold [only.
22 Tu **FUNDAY.**
23 W The Wealth of Nations deposited in Bank of Eng- [land for safety.
24 Th Mr. Chaplin becomes an American citizen and prepares for a Presidential campaign.
25 F "German Silver and what it is made of." Pamphlet by William, published 1898.
26 S Mr. McKinley declares war on England, and asks the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street for a loan.
27 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
28 M Mr. McKinley apologises. Loan declined.

Y.U.—Year unknown.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WILL WRITE TO THE PAPERS.

February.—There is not much to grumble about this month except the crassness of newspaper editors who print columns upon columns of dreary Parliamentary debates, instead of nice, cheerful growls upon social and domestic deformities. Just to keep your hand in, you can sneer at this, and at the barrenness of the political programme. About the middle of the month you will have a snarl at valentines, particularly if you have received an ugly one or two unpaid. Then wind up with a flout at the Royal Buckhounds and hunting in general, not forgetting a fling at football and golf, and the absurdly long run of the pantomimes.

SOME DAILY MAXIMS.

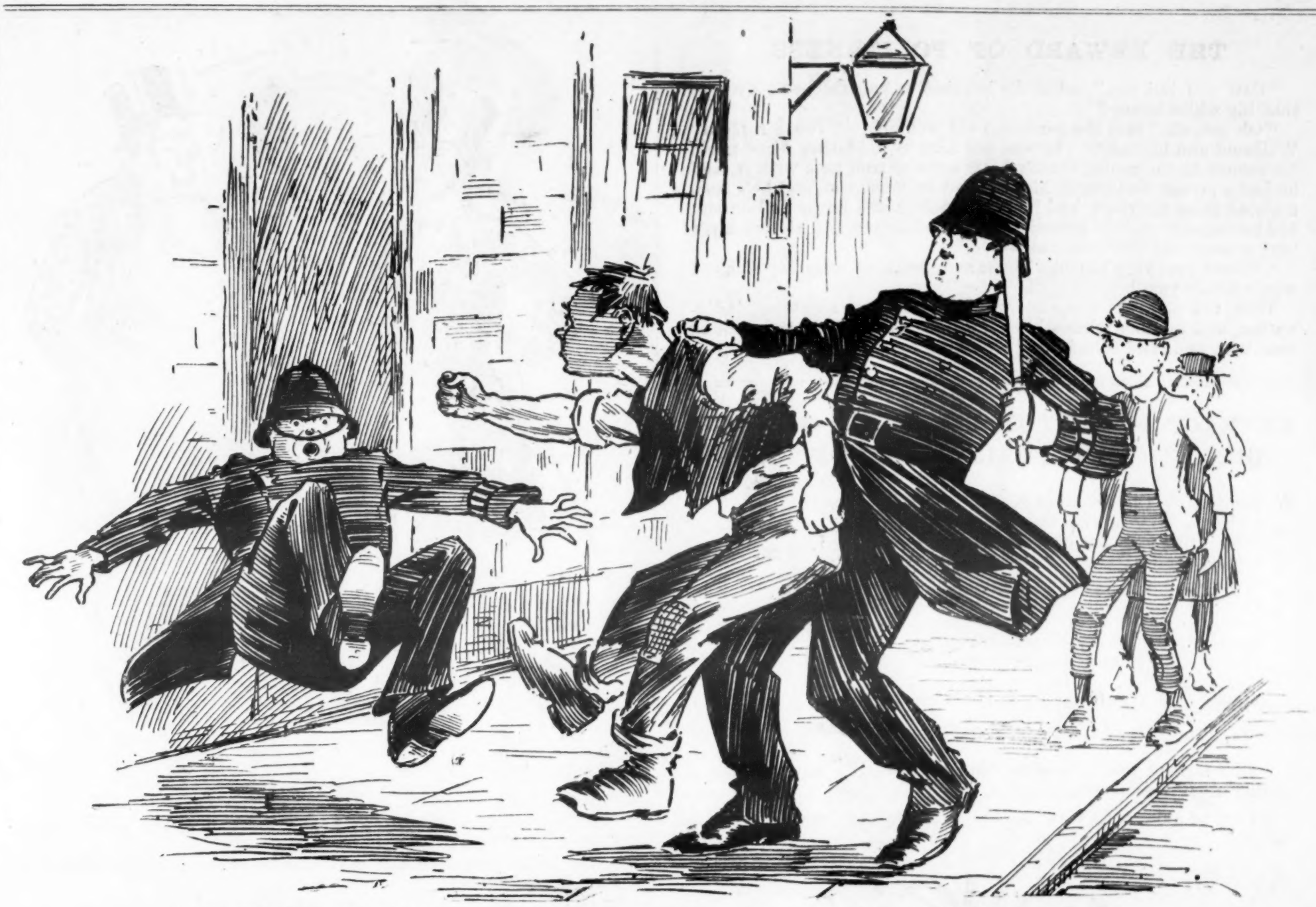
AIM at the highest, and, at least, you soar. Perchance you fall, and, at least, feel sore.

Bear with evil and expect good, but don't expect any good from a bear with a sore head.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments, but it is of no moment to anyone else how heavy your parcels may be.

When the ass is well off he begins to caper ; so never be backward in rendering him assistance until the final caper.

What you cannot avoid, learn to bear. However, you should never avoid *bearing* non-giltedged Stock Exchange securities which you unwittingly *bulled*.



"SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMETHING DONE, HAS EARNED A NIGHT'S REPOSE

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898,

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

MARCH.

1 Tu **FUNDAY.**
2 W Revival of the war between Greece and Turkey.
3 Th The staff of the *Daily Chronicle* leaves for the seat of war.
4 F The Emperor of Germany takes command of the Turkish forces. [advances into Macedonia.
5 S Mr. Allan Upward at the head of his myrmidons
6 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
7 M Prodigies of valour by Mr. Allan Upward by arrange-
8 Tu **FUNDAY.** [ment with the Editor of *The Comet.*
9 W Steady advance of the Turkish Army. Enthusiasm at Athens.
10 Th Masterly retreat of the Greeks. Xenophon nowhere.
11 F Mr. Arthur Roberts and the Lord Mayor leave for the seat of war.
12 S The staff of the *Chronicle* ravages Albania, and writes enthusiastic leaders about its own behaviour.
13 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
14 M Mr. Hall Caine at the head of his Manxmen departs for Greece. Mr. Andrew Lang accompanies the party as interpreter, guide, philosopher, and friend.
15 Tu **FUNDAY.** [Reward offered.
16 W Mysterious disappearance of the Greek Army.
17 Th St. Patrick's Day. Disappearance of the Irish Party, 1898. [caretaker.
18 F Turkish forces besiege the Acropolis. Terror of the
19 S News arrives that the Greek Army is "retiring" into
20 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [Macedonia.
21 M Turkish forces march North to catch the Greeks.
22 Tu **FUNDAY.** [towards the Baltic.
23 W Greek Army still "intact," said to be hurrying
24 Th Departure of Nansen and Jackson to the seat of war.
25 F Greeks take Dantzic and sail for Lapland. Horror of Kaiser. [umbrellas to mend!"
26 S Duke of Cambridge born, 1819. "Axes to grind,
27 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [Concert.
28 M Turkish Army disbanded, and ordered home by the
29 Tu **FUNDAY.** [enthusiasm.
30 W North Pole discovered by the Greek Army. Great
31 Th Andrew Lang born, 1844. Invention of literature same year.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

For People who WILL Write to the Papers.

March.—The lengthening days and bright spring sunshine will bring out the cyclist in strong force, and you will have your knife into him and her sharp and slick. When you have shown up the atrocious offenders who don't light up half-an-hour before time, or ride more than two miles an hour after dark, as also the supineness of the police in suffering such a state of things, you will naturally fall foul of athletics in general, and especially the topic of the day—boat-racing. You will demonstrate conclusively the injurious and undermining effects upon the system of hard training and excessive exertion, and trace no end of evils to the University Boat Race.

ARITHMETIC OF MATRIMONY.

When my year's expenses proved to be,
By my spouse's dress ambition,
Increased by thirty pounds and three,
I didn't like ADDITION!

When from my purse, by hook or crook,
She every blessed fraction
Of pocket-money nightly took,
I roundly cursed SUBTRACTION!

When olive branches, more and more,
Grew up, for dainties craving,
MULTIPLICATION made me roar
With multifarious raving!

But, when Sir Francis Jeune at last
Pronounced his stern decision,
And nuptial joys and woes were past,
I largely loved DIVISION!

THE REWARD OF POLITENESS.

"Can you tell me," asked the inquisitive tourist, "who lives at that big white house?"

"Oh yes, sir," said the garrulous old woman. "It's Sir Henry Wallsend and his lady. It was left him by his father what made his money in the coals; there's 3,000 acres of land goes with it, and he has a private fortune of his own and only one son, and he's been married these six years, and he has a yacht and a house in London, and he comes down here sometimes for the shooting, and his wife ain't very strong, and the doctor says——."

"Thank you, very much. You are a walking encyclopædia. I won't detain you."

Then the old lady went her way in a state of righteous indignation, and told her friends how she had met a nasty, rude young man who went and called her "a walking centipede."

EXTRACT FROM THE BOOKS OF G. BIGGS, BUILDER AND PUBLIC-HOUSE FITTER.

	£	s.	d.
To Ventilating the Prince of Wales	60	0	0
„ Adding a Wing to the Angel	500	0	0
„ Taking the Back out of the Marquis of Granby	75	0	0
„ Whitewashing the Black Prince	1	10	0
„ Stripping, Cleaning, and Papering the Siamese Twins	23	0	0
„ Painting the Exterior of the Duchess of Clanborough	14	10	6
„ Varnishing Part of the Queen's Arms	4	12	6
„ Restoring the Young Pretender	350	0	0
„ Strengthening the Foundations of the Daniel Lambert	60	5	0
„ Altering the Water Supply to the Jolly Angler	24	10	6

"You never know vot's afore you," as the fallin' star said ven it landed in the mortar pit.

"I'll be guided by you," as the drunken man said to the airy railin's.

VERY SEASONABLE.

Young Rake.—"So you were at McArthur's the other night. Have a good time?"

Old Ditto.—"Rather, my boy. Twice as much as one wanted of everything."

Young Rake.—"Even to two latchkeys and two keyholes when you reached home, I suppose?"

"HAS IT LEFT OFF?"

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898,

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

APRIL.

1 F Bismarck born, 1815. Foreign Policies invented, same year.
2 S The Wild Man of Borneo pays State visit to England.
3 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
4 M Captain Montmorency De Vere appointed aide-de-
5 Tu **FUNDAY.** [camp to the Wild Man during his stay.
6 W Hilary Law Sittings end. "Nisi-prius nuisances" very hilarious. [state.
7 Th The W. M. of Borneo visits Zoological Gardens in
8 F Rumours get about that owing to a little mistake the W. M. is detained at Regent's Park.
9 S The W. M. rescued by Lord Chamberlain and given the order of the Bath, which it is understood he
10 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [wanted badly.
11 M The W. M. visits Hampstead, and imagines that he is
12 Tu **FUNDAY.** [home again.
13 W The W. M. decides to remain in England, and to reside at Hampstead.
14 Th Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the whitebait fishery at Greenwich.
15 F Cardinal Vaughan born, 1832. Gives his Anglican Orders, 1897. "Nobody seemed one penny the worse," same year. [going strong and well. 1898.
16 S Battle of Culloden, 1746. The Legitimist League
17 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
18 M Mr. McKinley insists upon his right of sitting on the Commission of Inquiry into Whitebait-fishery.
19 Tu **FUNDAY.** [will be permitted under protest.
20 W Mr. McKinley's right disputed, but his presence
21 Th Mr. McKinley announces that he will bring two or three friends. [1890 Hall Caine takes his place.
22 F Henry Fielding born, 1707. Banished from England
23 S St. George the Patron Saint of Merry England declared by Archbishop of Canterbury to have been a
24 S T.-E.-O.-T-Sun.-Day. [teetotaler in Anglican Orders.
25 M Lord Salisbury courteously informs Mr. McKinley that his friends will not be allowed at Whitebait
26 Tu **FUNDAY.** [Conference.
27 W Mr. McKinley politely announces that he will have a Greenwich Whitebait Conference of his own.
28 Th Mr. Murphy O'Brien elected Mayor of New York, on the ground that he cannot speak English.
29 F Invention of Jingoism by the Japanese, 1895.
30 S Abdul Amid reads a popular novel, and becomes a Christian. Dismay of the Armenians

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

For People who WILL Write to the Papers.

April.—The initiatory observances of this month will be to you a sore temptation, but you will probably refrain from considerations of self-respect. It will never do, you know, to let the world know that you have been—well, let us say "had." Your ruffled dignity can take it out of the cyclist, who, of course, gets more insufferable every month. Then the bright spring mornings will wake up the merry chanticleer, who will wake you up considerably, with the result that you will ditto the paper with your complaints. There is not, perhaps, a cock within a mile or two of your bedroom windows, but you will go for him all the same.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Old Lady.—"Where does this road lead to, sir?"

Jokular.—"Ruin, madam."

Old Lady (aghast).—"*Ruin!*"

Jokular.—"Yes, madam; to the ruin of an old castle."

THE HEIGHT OF CHEEK.

Bridget.—"Oi've broken that ould chiney plate in the drawin'-room, mum."

Mistress.—"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Do you know that plate was worth fifty pounds?"

Bridget (coolly).—"Well, it isn't worth that now, mum, so yer needn't boast!"

Did the frenzy of the ancient Sibyls approach in intensity the ravings of Hyde Park orators?

"So you refused him?"
"Yes; I told him it was better to make a great many men nappy by being engaged to them, than to make one miserable by marrying him."

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

MAY.

1 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
2 M South African Inquiry to be re-opened, 1899.
3 Tu **FUNDAY.**
4 W Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. Sam Woods to constitute the new Commission of S.A. Inquiry.
5 Th Mr. Cecil Rhodes before the Commission declines to give his views on the "eight-hours" question.
6 F Mr. Cecil Rhodes ordered to the Clock Tower, and fed on stout and sandwiches.
7 S Lord Rosebery born, 1847. Joins Primrose League, [1889.
8 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
9 M Mr. Cecil Rhodes rescued by his shareholders. England declared a Limited Company, Mr. C. R. [managing director.
10 Tu **FUNDAY.**
11 W Spirited action of England Limited. Egypt declared a British Colony. [C. Rhodes leaves for Paris.
12 Th Protest received from the French Government. Mr.
13 F Sir A. Sullivan born, 1842. Finds the Lost Chord, 1860.
14 S Mr. Cecil Rhodes interviews French journalists at a palaver in the Bois de Boulogne.
15 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [Europe.
16 M France declared a British Colony. Protest of
17 Tu **FUNDAY.** [and a "little father."
18 W Czar of Russia born, 1868. A little boy, a little man,
19 Th Dr. Jim raids Europe at head of the Colonial troops.
20 F Europe declared a British Colony. Mr. McKinley protests. [England Ltd. Rejoicings in New York.
21 S Mr. McKinley appointed an honorary director of
22 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [sents it to the nation.
23 M Mr. Rhodes buys Asia as a going concern, and pre-
24 Tu **FUNDAY.** "God bless our gracious Queen."
25 W Mr. Passmore Edwardes buys One Tree Hill, and gives it to the roughs of Deptford, 1898.
26 Th Sir Roger Tichborne arrives in England, 1898. Positively his last appearance.
27 F Birmingham discovered by Mr. Chamberlain, 1847.
28 S Atlas died, B.C., 1769. The Emperor William carries
29 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [on the business, 1897.
30 M Arry-opagus first held at 'Ampstead, B.C., 501.
31 Tu **FUNDAY.**

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WILL WRITE TO THE PAPERS.

May.—The opening of the Royal Academy will be your cue for launching out into Grundified diatribes against—say, life-studies, also upon the egregiousness of the Hanging Committee, and the general insipidity of the pictures exhibited. Over the portraits you will go into fits of indignation, and shut up exhausted till next month—and a good job, too. Should you have a vial of wrath left unopened, empty it on the cyclist, then rest and be thankful.

DEEP GRIEF.

Master.—"Why don't you get your shirt washed, Pat? It's nearly as black as my hat."
Pat.—"Shure, sorr, Oi'm in mournin'!"

WOULD Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon take a back seat in the presence of William the German, and, if so, how far back?

IF it were thought advisable to re-establish the office of court-fool, could there be found in England a man capable of filling it?

WHAT sort of a show would Hercules and Samson have made as music-hall strong men?

WOULD the "Spectator" and the "Tatler" be now-a-days referred to as our esteemed contemporaries?

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Young Sappy.—"Look here, Chawley! Here am I, dwessed for Charles I., and a dooced pwetty girl said I just suited the chawacter—as he lost his head, as much as to say I've lost mine, don'tcherknow!"

Mephisto (helping him out).—"Never mind, old man, THERE ISN'T MUCH IN THAT!"

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

JUNE.

1 W Seats will now be erected for the Ruby-Sapphire Jubilee, 1907.
2 Th St. Paul's pulled down and Grand Stand erected on [site, 1907.
3 F A window looking on to a side street leading to the route of the proposed procession let for £1,000.
4 S Arrival in London of the Sovereigns of the world, civilised and uncivilised.
5 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
6 M Shocking behaviour of the King of the Cannibal Isles at the Hotel Cecil. Eats a German waiter—raw.
7 Tu **FUNDAY.** [City Temple.
8 W Sultan of Turkey and suite attend a service at the
9 Th Arrival of Mr. Hall Caine from the Isle of Man to take part in Procession.
10 F Sir Edwin Arnold born, 1831. Retires and takes his Japan-ease, 1897.
11 S Route of Procession definitely fixed. A back window
12 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [in Fleet Street sold for £5,000.
13 M The *Daily Gusher* prophesies that half London will
14 Tu **FUNDAY.** [be crushed to death.
15 W The *Daily Prognosticator* calculates that 30,000,000 people will be in London on the 22nd.
16 Th The *Evening Howler* declares the show to be waste of money, and suggests that it would do for a Strike Fund.
17 F Battle of Bunker's Hill, 1775. Golf invented, 1775, B.C.
18 S Waterloo, 1815. Unlimited Loo, 1863. Linger-longer-
19 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [Loo, 1895.
20 M "Confound their politics, God save the Queen!"
21 Tu **FUNDAY.**
22 W Diamond Jubilee, 1897. Ruby-Sapphire Jubilee, 1907. Owing to the newspaper tactics, people fear a crush, and, nobody there, Procession postponed.
23 Th *Evening Howler* denounces postponement.
24 F Procession a great success. All England present. Awful scenes.
25 S The Provost of Leith receives a Jubilee Medal in tin,
26 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day [and resigns on the strength of it.
27 M Joseph Smith, the Mormon, died, 1844. His widow
28 Tu **FUNDAY.** [married the American army, 1845.
29 W Mr. John Burns gets a Jubilee Peerage and takes his seat as Barren Strikes of Battersea.
30 Th The House of Lords abolishes itself.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WILL WRITE TO THE PAPERS.

June.—You will now wake up to the iniquities of the racing and betting fraternity, and wonder what the deuce and all the Anti-Gambling League is about. At the same time you will put in a pathetic lament for the narrow-mindedness and illiberality of the market bookie, who never *will* let you get a fair price about your fancy. You know, of course, that you can blow hot and cold on any subject, and in the same paper if you like, under a different signature. You see nobody knows who you are, and, for that matter, nobody cares. Other grumblers this month may have for their burden the Sunday excursionist, the *bonâ-fide* traveller, the beanfeaster nuisance, and the like.

IT AFFECTED HIS BRAIN.

I NEVER used to know why some people are so keen on advocating celibacy for the clergy; but I am beginning to understand it now. Our curate got engaged to be married the other day, and the next Sunday he gave out the following notice in church: "The boys' evening class on Friday will be taken by Mr. Smith, and the girls' sewing class on the same evening by Miss Green. If any of you know any cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it." Well, really, you know!

PAYING A VISIT.

Mrs. Meke.—"It's my firm belief, George, that the New Woman has come to stay."

Mr. Meke (affrightedly).—"Good gracious! Your mother isn't a New Woman, is she?"

Swat.

["Major Deane has received 85,000rs. as fines from the rebellious Swat tribes who have submitted."

In Swat the struggle's *had* its day;
The tribes regret they e'er began one,
And heavy fines they have to pay,
Thanks to persuasive Deane and Cannon:
While tribesmen, who 'gainst Britain plot,
Now, with a vengeance, know "what-'*sw*(h)*at*."

One Thing Wanting.

Artist (to Mr. Henpeckt).—"Now, don't you think this is a speaking likeness of your wife, sir?"

Mr. Henpeckt.—"Well, when my wife speaks to me she always shakes her fist at me; you've omitted that!"

Infantile Chicken Broth.

Customer.—"What on earth is this broth made of, waiter? Surely it isn't chicken broth?"

Waiter.—"Well, sir, it's chicken broth in it's hinfancy; it's made out of the water that the heggs are boiled in!"

Too True.

A young man thinks his girl is a "tart," but when he marries her he sometimes finds out she is a "tartar."

A CRUEL SHAME.

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

JULY.

1 F Dominion Day (Canada). The Premier receives a jubilee medal in plaster of Paris. Rejoicings at Quebec.
2 Mr. Tom Mann made a Knight of the Bath, and is presented by his admirers with a cake of jubilee [soap.
3 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
4 M Independence Day (U.S.A.). The President receives a jubilee medal in pure silver, and declares war [on England.
5 Tu **FUNDAY.**
6 W Cecil Rhodes born, 1853. Finds Little England, and founds Great Africa, 1894. [Official Receiver.
7 Th Jubilee syndicates commence to appear before the
8 F Joseph Chamberlain born, 1836. An orchid customer to tackle, 1885.
9 S Skirt-dancing invented by Miss Willard, the Water [Nymph, 1841.
10 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
11 M Jack Cade died, 1450. Keir Hardie born, Y.U.
12 Tu **FUNDAY.**
13 W Walter H. Long born, 1854. Dogs' days commence.
14 Th North Sea frozen over, 1898. [same year.
15 F St. Swithin invented rain, B.C., 1719. Arks invented
16 S Marquis of Londonderry born, 1852. Rebels, 1897. Executed on Tower Hill, 1898.
17 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [published same year.
18 M Papal Infallibility declared, 1870. Pope's Guyed
19 Tu **FUNDAY.** [reference at bye-elections, 1896.
20 W Mr. John Morley invents an English History for
21 Th Mr. Asquith "cooks" Mill's Political Economy. For home consumption, 1896.
22 F Sir William Harcourt edits "The Expansion of the Empire," with copious notes. 1896. [dress ball, 1897.
23 S Duke of Devonshire born, 1833. Gives his first fancy
24 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [Old Times," 1897.
25 M Lord Salisbury writes a "Short History of our High
26 Tu **FUNDAY.** [Ideal," published 1898.
27 W Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's "Lines to an Imperial
28 Th Mr. Arthur Balfour introduces tees into China, 1898. [the Athenæum, 1899.
29 F Mrs. Humphrey Ward made an honorary member of
30 S The Athenæum becomes a Cock and Hen Club, 1900.
31 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.

Y.U.—Year Unknown.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

For People who WILL Write to the Papers.

July.—There is plenty to grumble about this month. If there was nothing else, the heat would be enough, added to the absurdity of our conventional costumes, and the idiotic lines upon which our dwelling-houses are built. After this you will have a tilt at the silly sheep flocking to the seaside, and prove irrefragably that it is only following an imbecile custom, and does nobody any good. This will be the time and place to have a growl at the unseemliness and impropriety of mixed bathing, as also the shocking bad taste of bathing costumes, male and female alike, and not forgetting the cyclist, who at the seaside is worse than ever.

DAILY MAXIMS.

The might of necessity is a might quite invincible; but the mite of the Stilton is mighty convincible.

The smallest perfect achievement is nobler than the grandest failure; but bankruptcy which shows a farthing in the pound is not counted amongst the nobler achievements by the recipients.

It is often better to go a good way round than to take a cross cut. Yes, but a cross cut from a round of beef is more satisfactory than a cut off the side.

Drink not at one cup and look at another. No! drink the contents and look out for another.

Before you begin, consider, and, when you have considered, act. But don't act the fool for any consideration.

Rule your Fancy with your reason, or she will overrule you with something harder.

Christmas chimes reveal old times, and sweetly stir the heart. But the best Christmas cheer is dyspeptic, I fear, and upsets the gay apple cart.

CHRISTMAS AND "FU

HE

HEAD THE RUN.

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

"I HOPE," said the little widow, admiring her pink shoes, "he will like my new wig. He told me he thought auburn hair was the most beautiful."

There was a manly ring at the front-door bell. Then the maid ushered in her lover, a man whose artistic temperament showed itself in every feature and in each pose of his delicate hands.

"You darling boy!" she cried, running to him.

He regarded her with a silent stare of aversion and contempt.

"Claud," she said, timidly, touching the sleeve of his tailor-made coat, "what has happened? Have you ceased to love me? Tell me that it is not so!"

He remained silent. For a moment she gazed at his stern face, then, with a wild burst of weeping, she threw herself upon the sofa, which groaned in sympathy as her convulsive sobbing rocked the little room to and fro.

"Stop that!" said the man, brutally; "I'm a bad sailor."

"But why?" she moaned; "why this sudden change?"

"I can never marry a woman who wears pink shoes and red hair," he replied icily.

"But I don't wear the shoes on my head," she sobbed.

"Of course not; but extremes meet, you know. Good evening."

He went out, chewing the door and slamming his moustache.

"Oh, why did I do it?" she cried. "And it was all for his sake!" Then she dried her eyes on an antimacassar and lighted a cigarette.

"I'm glad it isn't my own hair," she murmured, "because everything is bound to come out when the B.P. action gets into court."

"Now, just keep cool, an' you'll be all right," as the monkey said ven he was a-puttin' of the kitten into the kitchen oven.

"I'M a-comin' to it," as the hungry fox said ven it catched sight o' the lame duck.

STUDIES IN ASTRONOMY.

Gemini.

Jim and I.—(*The Twins.*)

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

AUGUST.

1 M Margate invaded by cheap-trippers, awful scenes.
2 Tu **FUNDAY.** [1898.
3 W Viscount Peel born, 1829. No orator, yet the greatest Speaker of his day. [Hearth," 1898.
4 Th Prince Ranji, dramatises "The Cricket on the
5 F Strike of the "gentlemen" cricketers for higher wages, 1898.
6 S "Professional" cricketers determine to play by and
7 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day. [for themselves, 1898.
8 M Madame Vestris died, 1856. Mrs. John Wood carries
9 Tu **FUNDAY.** [on the "business," 1896.
10 W Mr. Goschen born, 1831. Publishes his romantic novel, "Splendid Isolation," 1897. [at Lords, 1898.
11 Th Great Cricket Match between Gentlemen and Players
12 F Players still in for no runs. Match declared a draw.
13 S Lord Esher born, 1815. A past-master of all legal
14 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [rôles, 1897.
15 M Sir Walter Scott born, 1771. Sir Walter Besant
16 Tu **FUNDAY.** [born, Y.U.
17 W Return match, Gentlemen and Players. Gentlemen all out for no runs.
18 Th Players keep in all day for no runs. Match a draw.
19 F Act of Parliament passed to compel Gentlemen and Players to work or play together amicably.
20 S Invention of New Bicycle, with feather-bed tyres,
21 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. 1898.
22 M Irish Party on its last (Cork) legs, 1898.
23 Tu **FUNDAY.** [at 50s. Delight of farmers, 1898.
24 W Revival of Agriculture in England. No harvest. Corn
25 Th Bread eighteenpence a roll. People subsist on cakes made of cauliflower.
26 F Engineers strike for 56-hour Sunday, 1898.
27 S Demonstration of Engineers at Victoria Park. Public subscription for the poor fellows at Mansion House.
28 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
29 M Anti-Gambling League take a case to House of Lords. "A place defined as 'Where you are,'" 1898.
30 Tu **FUNDAY.**
31 W Discussion of House of Lords' decision at rooms of Anti-Gambling League, followed by tea & fireworks.

Y.U.—Year Unknown.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WILL WRITE TO THE PAPERS.

August.—The out-of-town season will still keep you fretting and fuming away in the papers. The number of derelict dogs going about unmuzzled, the many houses shut up, the gangs of busy burglars trying to get into them, will keep your pen going like a woman's tongue. You will then go to the seaside yourself and at once write up to the London papers about the inefficient bathing arrangements and the grandmotherly regulations compelling the sexes to bathe apart, then growl about the ways of the cheap trippers, the extortions of landladies and hotel-keepers, the rapacity of seaside cats, the aggressiveness of the seaside cyclist, and effeteness of the seaside bobby.

CLEAN MISTAKEN.

"THIS watch——" began the man.

"Yes," interrupted the watchmaker, seizing it, and rapidly opening it. "I see; it wants thoroughly cleaning, and——"

"Why," roared the man, "that's the new watch my wife bought here yesterday, and I want to exchange it for a larger size!"

"Oh—ah—um—yes. Certainly, sir," mumbled the watchmaker.

IF Shakespeare were alive, would he have a chance of being appointed to the Laureate-ship, should that post fall vacant?

THEIR CHRISTMAS TREAT.

Voice from the Rear.—"What ho, ther! spicey breezes. Hi say, don't it smell jest heavingly? D'yer ear, young lydie; d'yer mind turning rahnd and walkin' back'ards, so's we kin kop ther full flavour o' that there bird o' paradise."

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

SEPTEMBER.

1 Th Pelican-shooting in Sussex in full swing.
2 F Big-bag of Do-dos at Worthing.
3 S Phœnix shot at Patcham. Forty inches round the chest.
4 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
5 M Golden Lyre-bird shot in Stonecutter Street. Salt found on its tail.
6 Tu **FUNDAY.**
7 W "The case of Rebellious Gilbert." A problem play by "Phœbus" produced at the Surrey, 1898.
8 Th The case of "Gilbert *v.* 'Phœbus'" produced at the Law Courts
9 F Outbreak of natives on the Scottish Frontier. The Ameer supposed to be at the bottom of it.
10 S Scotland invaded by Cockney Pipers. Great victory. Highlanders retire in haste.
11 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
12 M More Röntgen Rays invented. Other people's private affairs seen into easily, 1898.
13 Tu **FUNDAY.** Portland to celebrate his birthday, 1898.
14 W Mr. Justice Hawkins born, 1817. Fancy Dress Ball at
15 Th Revival of Learning. The Corelli grammar published, 1898.
16 F Mr. Rider Haggard lectures on Central African "roots," 1898.
17 S Mr. Hall Caine publishes his collection of "Flowers
18 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
19 M Mr. Stanley Weyman speaks on "French History of Speech," 1898.
20 Tu **FUNDAY.**
21 W Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, K., etc., on "Pathos, and its effect on the Public." as it is made"
22 Th Sultan of Turkey born, 1842. Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett introduces him into Society, 1897.
23 F The armies of the civilised world march into Hinterland, 1898.
24 S The armies supposed to have met in Hinterland.
25 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-day.
26 M Geographical discussion at the Royal Institution—"Where is Hinterland?"
27 Tu **FUNDAY.** H. M Stanley despatched by the *Daily Mail* to find "Hinterland" or perish.
28 W Mr. Jackson, with Dr. Nansen and Mr. Harmsworth,
29 Th "Bo!" "not to mention the dog," start for
30 F "Bobs" born, 1832. Hinterland in a balloon d'esaye.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

For People who WILL Write to the Papers.

September.—As soon as you get back to town you will open fire in the papers upon the unwholesomeness of the long shut-up houses, the malodour of the drains, and the ailments that attack families exchanging the free, open-air life of the summer for the stagnation of a London autumn. This will give you a good deal of grumbling till the boys go back to school, when you can howl at the inordinate length of holidays, and the mischief arising to children so long strangers to discipline and restraint. Of course, you haven't got any of your own, but that's neither here nor there.

TWO GREAT MEN.

[An eminent personage has written a letter to the Press pointing out what great sovereigns the Sultan and the Kaiser are. It would be well, he says, if England would cultivate their friendship.]

"If you're anxious for to find
A man of noble mind,
A proper man, a genuine sort of *homo*
In the Turkish land so famed
You will find one, Abdul Hamid,—
He's a man of men"—at least, so says Silomo.

"If you stay with him awhile,
You'll be gone upon his style,
Though his manners sometimes act as a surpriser,
But please don't call me traitor,
If I say there's none that's greater,
Except, of course, the heaven-appointed Kaiser!"

THE PRIMARY PLEASURE.

You may talk of delights of the season,
  May sing of the joys of the time,
May state, and with excellent reason,
  That the glories of Yule are sublime.
But, still, where young faces are dimply
  The justice of this you ll allow—
That the chiefest of pleasures is simply
  The mistletoe bough.

Let the songster a carol be trolling,
  Let the tippler be taking his wine,
Let the wit and the mimic be drolling,
  But still let one rapture be mine.
While the bells their sweet cadence are pealing,
  Proclaiming that "Christmas is now,"
Let me see hanging down from the ceiling
  The mistletoe bough.

O joy, a sweet girl to be greeting,
  A damsel with optics of blue,
Whose bosom you fancy is beating
  With fondest affection for *you*.
Beneath the white berries you take her—
  "Without her consent," as she'll vow—
And you kiss her soft cheek and you make her
  A mistletoe bow.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

She (to Mr. Popper, who has just proposed).—"I have no father or mother, Harold, so you must ask uncle. But you don't know uncle, do you?"

Mr. Popper (absent-mindedly).—"Rather! He's convenient."

LOTS OF SHOUTING.

Sighter.—"What did you think of the Lord Mayor's show?"

Grunter.—"Well, I thought it was a *'holler* mockery."

SMALL TALK.

He.—"You seem to be taking it rather coolly!"
She.—"Naturally; it's cold down here!"

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

OCTOBER.

1 S Astonishing news from Klondyke, seventeen ounces of gold to the pound, 1898.
2 **S** Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
3 M The Rothschild family start for Klondyke, 1898.
4 Tu **FUNDAY.** [Bengali Republic, 1900.
5 W Marquis of Ripon born, 1827. India declared a
6 Th The Duke of Westminster starts for Klondyke.
7 F Grave news from Klondyke. Penny rol's, £1; pat of butter, £1; cup of tea, £3.
8 S Aerated Bread Company starts for Klondyke.
9 **S** T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
10 M Town Empty. Society off to Klondyke.
11 Tu **FUNDAY.**
12 W Opening of Parliament, Speaker and Lord Chancellor the only persons present. Both Houses gone to Klondyke.
13 Th Mr. John Burns and Mr. Tom Mann start for Klondyke.
14 F Revival of Trade. Trade Union officials gone to Klondyke.
15 S Great strike of Baronets for higher honours, 1899.
16 **S** T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
17 M Baronet lock-out started by College of Arms.
18 Tu **FUNDAY.** [Heralds in Hyde Park.
19 W The Earl Marshall addresses mass meeting of
20 Th Baronets refuse to work with Law Lords. House of
21 F Sims Reeves born, 1822. [Lords picketed.
22 S A Gladstonian Baronet mobbed in Pall Mall for
23 **S** T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [blacklegging.
24 M Great meeting of the Baronets of England at the office of "Strand Magazine." Sir George Newnes
25 Tu **FUNDAY.** [in chair.
26 W Mr. Ritchie offers his services as arbitrator to Law Lords and Baronets. [business.
27 Th Mr. Ritchie politely but firmly told to mind his own
28 F Strike fund for oppressed Baronets opened at Mansion House.
29 S Thomas A. Bayard born, 1828. Still without fear and
30 **S** T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [reproach, 1898.
31 M End of Baronet strike. Law Lords abolished.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

For People who WILL Write to the Papers.

October.—The re-opening of the theatres, the production of new plays and novels galore, the appearance of another halfpenny daily, and a batch of new magazines will provide you with plenty of grievances to ventilate. You will slate them all round, deplore the decline of the drama, the flimsiness of the new plays, the untruthfulness to life, the maudlin sentimentality and unwholesomeness of modern fiction, the weakness of the cheap Press, and so on. Then, if you have any powder left, discharge it full blast at the people who make big bags of game, because, you see, you don't get any such chance yourself, and their boasting is simply disgusting.

A LAME ANSWER.

Gentleman (sarcastically, to beggar).—"Yesterday you were blind, and to-day I see you're lame!"

Beggar.—"Yes; ain't I unfortinit? No sooner do I recover me eyesight than I goes lame."

EXPENSIVE.

Doctor.—"I will give you something to increase your appetite."

Hardup.—"For gracious sake don't, doctor, unless you can give me something to increase my income!"

A Race for Life.—The human race.

The Search Light.—A policeman's bull's-eye.

OUR DOMESTIC GOVERNMENT HOME OFFICE.

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

NOVEMBER.

1 Tu **FUNDAY.** [invented, 1899.
2 W Revolution in Naval Construction. Flying battleships
3 Th The "Devastation" fitted with wings. Trial trips successful.
4 F Startling news. "Devastation's" steering gear out of order. Flying in the direction of the Sahara.
5 S Serious news from Sahara. "Devastation" has alighted on a French Settlement.
6 **S** Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day. [the Sahara.
7 M French battleship, "La Belle Bellona," ordered to
8 Tu **FUNDAY.**
9 W "God Bless the Prince of Wales!" [victory.
10 Th Great Naval Battle in the Sahara. Great British
11 F Another Revolution in Naval Construction. The Sub-marine Borer invented, 1899.
12 S The "Royal Sovereign" fitted with boring apparatus.
13 **S** T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. [disappearance.
14 M Trial trip of the "Royal Sovereign," very successful
15 Tu **FUNDAY.** [property. Reuter.
16 W Earthquake at Melbourne. Great destruction of
17 Th Cause of earthquake known. Sudden appearance of "Royal Sovereign" in the Market Place.
18 F W. S. Gilbert born, 1836. Produces his first problem play, 1898. [of "Royal Sovereign" executed.
19 S Great Imperial Celebration in Melbourne. Captain
20 **S** T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
21 M Another revolution in Naval Construction. Invention
22 Tu **FUNDAY.** [of three-decked wooden battle ships, 1899.
23 W England herself again. Mistress of everything.
24 Th Invention of the Humane-Dum-Dum bullet, 1899.
25 F Trial of the new Dum-Dum on the inventor very successful.
26 S Description of new Dum-Dum made public. "On wounding combatant it opens, and machinery inside applies antiseptics, lint, and stimulants."
27 **S** T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
28 M On hearing that the British Dum-Dum supplies the best whiskey Europe declares war.
29 Tu **FUNDAY.**
30 W Lord Salisbury informs Europe that pepper will be substituted for whiskey. Europe apologises.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

For People who WILL Write to the Papers.

November.—The re-opening of the Law Courts with a shoal of breach of promise and divorce cases should stir you up a bit. After a wail at the waste of public time by the Long Vacation, and a snap at the Lord Mayor's mummeries, you will proceed to give them all a good dressing down—suitors and judges, lawyers and counsel, Lord Mayor and Aldermen alike, not forgetting a passing shot at the cyclist. Then a fog or two will be a boon for you to declaim against the pig-headed people who persist in having open fires, and poisoning the public with carbon. What time you pile on your own silkstones, and sit snugly down to lash the knaveries of the coal trade in keeping up extortionate prices.

BAD TRAINING.

Schoolmaster.—"Hold out your hand, boy!"

Boy.—"Please, sir, father says he don't like you to make me hold out my hand so often, in case it might make me grow up a beggar!"

REACHES HIM.

We are told that nearly every man has one leg shorter than the other. Very likely; and it seems to the young man, when his girl's father tries to kick him, that the wrathful parent always uses his longest leg!

SOMETHING STILL WANTING.

We have had the woman-man, and the man-woman; now we only want the girl-boy, and the boy-girl, and then we shall be all right.

THE DAPPER DANCING DUDE.

LET us trill a little measure,
Let us sing a little song
Of a wight who is the treasure
Of the season's giddy throng.
This (the humblest of all lays) is
With a due respect imbued,
Let us sing the hearty praises
Of the dapper, dancing dude.

When he poses as the patron
Of the waltz's witching whirl,
He's the mainstay of the matron,
He's the darling of the girl.
And the flirt has scanned him lately
With a twinkle of her eye,
And a smile, which says sedately,
"I shall claim you by and bye."

Of course, he's getting vainer,
For he rarer grows, the dear;
No fact could well be plainer,
He gets scarcer every year.
When the lights are on each story,
And are gleaming ruddy-hued,
O, we then perceive the glory
Of the dapper, dancing dude.

AN ARMFUL.

"THAT is 'a call to arms,'" remarked Mr. Quiverful, when he heard his baby yelling to be taken out of its cradle.

WOULD Helen of Troy, fully clothed, be looked at beside the nineteenth century demi-semi-clothed chorus girl?

"THE end justifies the means," as the small boy said ven he was a-diggin' into the jam-pot with the shoe-horn.

"I'VE a taste for the antique," as the lodgin' 'ouse boarder said ven the landlady asked him if he was a-enjoyin' of the nine-year-old chicken.

Maid-of-all-Work.—"Yes, that's rather a nice picter, when yer himprove a bit more, I dessay my father'd buy one off of yer, hif I recommend yer. We 'ave a taste for hart in our fanbly. Hin fact, I did think of being a hartist m'self, but lor! the persition warn't good enough."

"FUN'S" FUNNY CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Containing a variety of useless and unreliable information.

DECEMBER.

1 Th Princess of Wales born, 1844. This date absolutely incredible, 1897.
2 F First day of summer in England. Two hours' sunshine; 50 in the shade, 1898.
3 S Winter sets in with its usual mildness. 70 in the shade.
4 S Total-Eclipse-of-the-Sun-Day.
5 M Invention of new battleship. Inventor executed by infuriated Admiralty, 1899.
6 Tu **FUNDAY.**
7 W The Mission to Abyssinia season commences.
8 Th Missions from Spain, Turkey, Russia, Argentina, etc., interview Menelik, 1898. Japan, 1899.
9 F George Grossmith born, 1847. Prime Minister of
10 S Great mission war in Abyssinia. Fearful slaughter.
11 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
12 M Colley Cibber died, 1757. Wilson Barrett born, Y.U.
13 Tu **FUNDAY.**
14 W France sends mission to Menelik, armed to the teeth, for purposes of culture.
15 Th English mission hastily formed at Aldershot.
16 F Menelik abdicates, and becomes an Italian Citizen.
17 S Abysinnia occupied by the Concert. General rejoicings.
18 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day.
19 M The Cretan Crisis reaches its height, 1998.
20 Tu **FUNDAY.**
21 W Alfred Bunn died, 1860. Collapse of Poetry.
22 Th Henry Chaplin born, 1840, with a "silver" spoon in his mouth.
23 F Samuel Smiles born, 1812. A man may (read) Smiles on Smiles and be a villain!
24 S St. George goes for the snap-dragon yearly.
25 S T.-E.-O.-T.-Sun-Day. A Merry Christmas to you!
26 M Boxing-Day. Boxing abolished by Act of Parliament, 1899.
27 Tu **FUNDAY.**
28 W Alarming outbreak of indigestion in England, 1898.
29 Th Mr. Gladstone born, 1809. Harwardened in Gladstonianism, 1897.
30 F The "Old Pretender" died, 1763. Professor James Stuart born, Y.U.
31 S *Finis.*

Y.U.—Year Unknown.

"FUN'S" COMPLETE GRUMBLER.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WILL WRITE TO THE PAPERS.

December.—You must be up and doing now if you want to maintain your prestige as a good all-round grumbler. After a grunt or two at the platitudes in the Christmas numbers and the tawdriness of the art supplements, with a yelp at the tax gatherer, the waits, the Christmas bill-fiend, etc., you will open out in full cry against the imbecilities of the festive season, the holly and mistletoe superstition, the roast beef and turkey craze, the indigestibility of plum pudding, the pantomime and children's party nuisance. Having barked at him all the year, you can now, to show your consistency and impartiality, let the cyclist down lightly, pat him on the back, and go for the intermeddling policeman instead. Finally, you will explode over the Christmas box, gather up your pieces, and subside. *Pax vobiscum.*

NOTICE.—Five Guineas is offered for an Illustrated Humorous Story, to be selected by the Editor. The style and length required may be approximately gathered from the serial stories which have been appearing in the pages of FUN during the past few months. The contribution selected will become the property of the Editor, and will be published in the weekly issues of FUN. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany each contribution submitted, to secure the return if rejected. The competition will close on or about January 31st, 1898. This notice must be annexed to each contribution, and forwarded to the Editor of FUN, 23, Bouverie Street, E.C.

A CHRISTMAS MICROBE.

It was the very last thing created. A Christmas Microbe. It floated merrily about the frosty streets infecting everyone it touched. It was of portly form, having been brought up and fostered carefully on the good things that belong to Christmas. Its face simply sparkled with fun and merriment, of the wassail bowl, baron of beef, and the steaming plum pudding. It was not particular whom it favoured. Coming down on one side of the road, perched on the shoulder of a poor, pinch-faced newsboy, to be whisked off with a sudden flourish of the papers, he held on to the open shirt front of a crabbed-looking city merchant.

"Whoop!" it said, climbing up to the merchant's ear, "I've come to iron away your wrinkles. Make the most of me, for I die to-morrow, and to-morrow is Christmas Day."

But in this instance the microbe felt snubbed—deucedly snubbed. There was no sudden transition from sourness to hilarity. The merchant merely opened the paper, glanced at the "markets," and walked moodily on, with the microbe clinging to his hair.

"What a thick-skinned old rascal," muttered the microbe; "but he shall have the complaint, and have it badly. I'm not the sort you can kill with a sniff of carbolic."

"I GIVE YOU UP FOR EVER."

"Christmas!" muttered the man as he bent his steps towards home; "what on earth made me think of it, when I have so many other things to think about. I'll have a nice quiet day."

"Not if I join the party," murmured the microbe, clinging still closer. "There's no quiet days about me; you shall take the complaint, and dance, sing, joke, and eat until you are convalescent again."

Two sober-faced children met them—the man and the microbe—at the man's home. They advanced with a stiff sort of welcome, with a half-expectant look for moral support at a staid, matronly-looking woman behind them.

"You children up *still*," said the man gruffly; "why, it's quite two hours past your bedtime."

"Yes, father," said the elder with a half whimper, "but we thought as it was Christmas time you might——"

"Christmas time is a poor excuse for breaking rules," he returned, rather sternly. "Be off with you. There! there!" he continued, seeing the look of disappointment on their faces, "be good boys, and you shall have a shilling to-morrow."

The microbe blushed, positively blushed, and gave a pitying glance towards the two little lads as they went upstairs, sorrowfully enough.

"What a brute!" it muttered. "If it wasn't for those poor little chaps I'd go away at once, and leave him to the tender mercies of my first cousin, the indigestion microbe. What's he up to *now*? I'll be hanged if he isn't mixing himself a glass of grog. I'm in *that* anyhow."

With a bound the microbe seated itself on the edge of the glass, and, placing its arms akimbo, glared defiantly at its intended victim.

"Great Polywogs! If you drink this after I've been in it, and it makes no change, I give you up for ever."

The man sat moodily looking into the fire. He had once or twice placed his hand on the books beside him as if to start work, but had drawn it away again. He commenced to think, to drink his grog, and the microbe chuckled.

"*He's mine!*" it uttered.

"What's the matter with me to-night?" spoke the man softly; "why is it I cannot work, and why do I think of this room as it was seven years ago, before Alice left me? Only seven years! What a time it seems! Why did she die, and make a wretched misanthrope of me, with work as my only solace?"

The microbe rubbed its hands softly.

"It works bravely," it said, and sprang lightly on the man's shoulder.

"She *is* with you to-night," it whispered, "only you are not permitted to see her. She has her arms round your neck, and is imploring you to give on this one night some earthly happiness to the children she was compelled to leave. Up! man, and do it."

"Nurse!" shouted the man striding to the door, "bring my children down again. It is Christmas Eve, and I am lonely here to-night. I am only going out to get something I—I—have forgotten."

"Ha! ha!" roared the microbe, "there's no antidote, old fellow. You've got it badly after all, and will come back laden with toys for those two little curly wigs upstairs. No! no! Cousin Indigestion," it exclaimed as a tiny insidious tapping was heard at the window. "I'm in possession here at present. You just keep your bilious-looking face at the other side of the window till *I'm* gone, or I'll strangle you with my own hands; for, though I sometimes generate you, I allow no familiarities. Be off!"

"CAME BACK LADEN WITH TOYS."

"Whoop! Here comes Mr. Man, laden with toys. Look at him! He's a perfect hotbed of Christmas germs himself, and to think that the chuckle-headed fellow would have been still poring over those wretched books if I hadn't mixed myself up with his grog."

The very thought of its success made the microbe swell with pride, and as it smiled approvingly on the united group before the fire, it seemed to be concentrating its powers for one grand last effort. It succeeded at last in its desire by bursting into millions of fragments and permeating the whole house and household with the glamour of the festive Christmas season.

BRITANNIA'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

Britannia had a Christmas Tree
To please her girls and boys,
And set it out where all might see,
And decked it round with joys.
Of emblems fit the tree to grace
Indeed there was no lack,
And firmly at the topmost place
She fixed the Union Jack.

Beneath her Union Jack she stood
A figure frank and hearty,
And following fast in sanguine mood
There came a mighty Party.
There was no need for her to name
That figure stout and jolly,
For great and glorious is the fame
Which greets Britannia's "Solly."

Britannia clasped unto her breast
Her sons from o'er the wave,
She held them tightly, fondly pressed,
She knew them true and brave.
She viewed them in their several modes,
A noble sight saw she,
She headed them with Cecil Rhodes
Upon her Christmas Tree.

She bought a master and a man,
She hung them side by side,
And straight to quarrel they began,
While wisdom they defied.
Britannia grieved that this should be,
And, with much expectation,
She placed an Angel on her tree,
The Angel—"Arbitration."

She fixed a motor car on high
For all the folk to see,
And then beneath it with a sigh
She tied a little "gee."
It served her fancy's choice to mar,
And 'twas with keen remorse
She had to place that motor car
A branch above the horse.

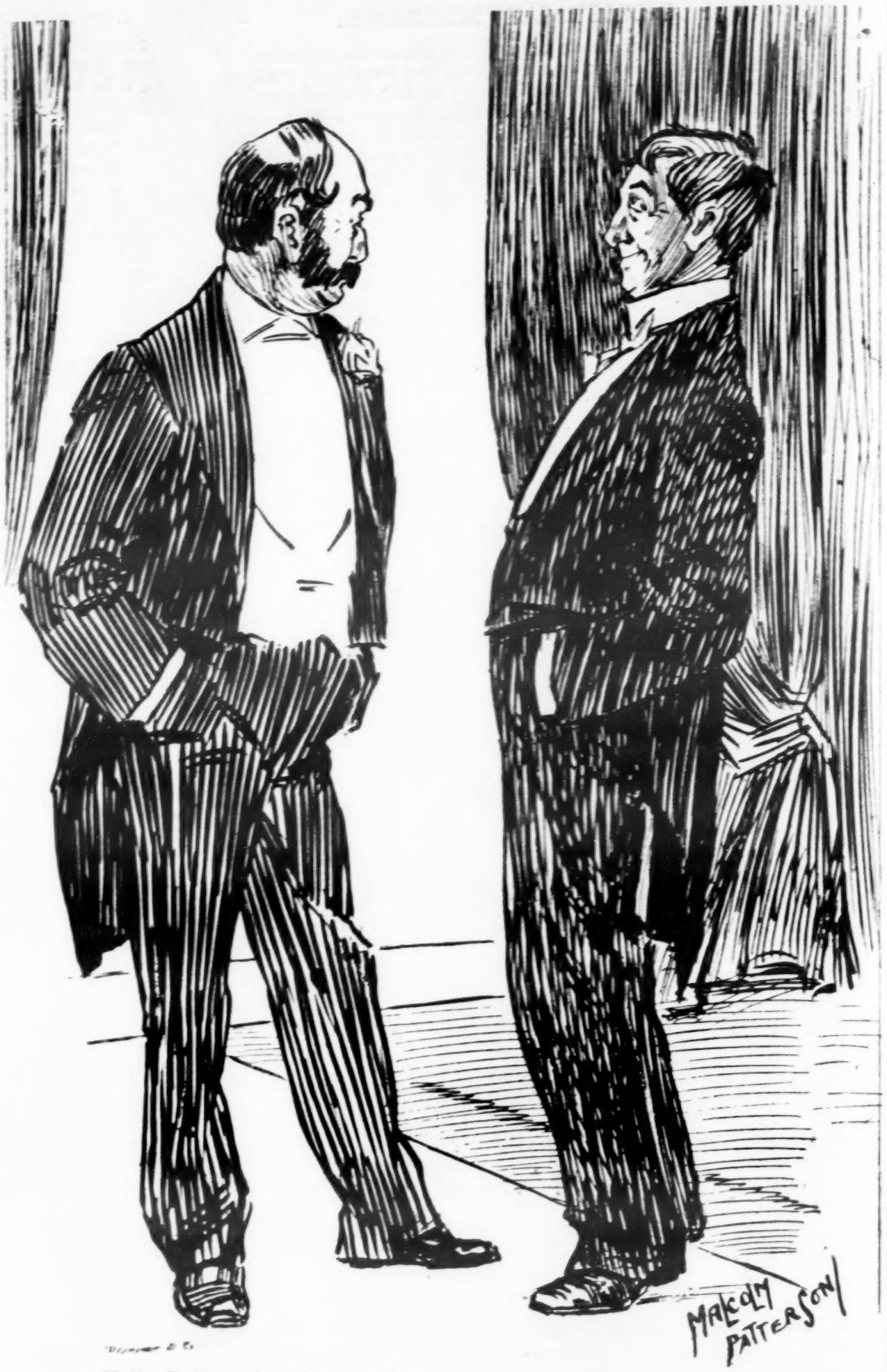
She thought with faith and not with fear
On Time's relentless wing,
She thought upon the coming year
And what her fate might bring.
She trusts her sons to do and dare,
And cheers with three times three
The soldier and the sailor there
Upon her Christmas Tree.

So gather round, come gather round,
Britannia's children all,
And vow in union to be found
Whatever may befal.
Britannia's sway shall never cease,
Shall reach from sea to sea,
Till all may quaff the cup of peace
Beneath her Christmas Tree.

CAUGHT.

First Pickpocket.—"Did yer find anythink in the cove's pocket, Bill?"

Second Ditto (sadly sucking his finger).—Honly a fish'ook—'ang 'im!"



"Hullo, Brown, where have you been?"

"Jush bin gettin' bresh a' freth air, ole man."

"Then you must have jolly good lungs, for you've brought in an awful strong breath with you!"

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